Ten Feet Inside Me

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by Ebyru

Summary

Hannibal and Will attend a psychiatric & behavioural convention in Britain; Jack can't bring them around, so he asks Sherlock to do it instead.

Notes

to be honest, it went where it wanted. And there isn't much Sherlock/Moriarty, just hints of it.

It was requested by dancingingrey on tumblr who asked for: "How about Hannibal and Will are in London for a psych/crime conv. and attend a dinner with Sherlock and Moriarty happens to appear?" I probably failed.

But on the upside? Rough!Will :D

this is set somewhere in the future, when Will is a bit less ignorant, but a bit more attached to Hannibal. spoilers for both Hannibal & Sherlock.

Also, un-beta'd; I'm sorry.

See the end of the work for more notes

Sherlock Holmes isn't Will's favourite person, especially in comparison to his good friend Hannibal, but he has to play nice with him – Jack's orders. Jack will be away for some time, trying to offer his wife support at home and at work as she begins chemotherapy. Therefore, Sherlock will be filling his shoes – seeing as he's the best replacement Jack knows in Britain – and accompanying Will and Hannibal to the psychiatric & behavioural convention.

Will may have agreed to be polite, but he never agreed to being friendly with Sherlock.

Which is why, exactly five minutes after they've arrived, the booths swarming with possible-future psychopaths, Will has to swallow down three aspirins and hide behind Hannibal for a few moments. Everyone is watching him like he's breakable, so frail that they could snap him in half. But the truth is – Will could crush them all between his teeth if he so wished.

"William Graham." Sherlock peers around the tables, glancing from one screen to another. "I never thought you'd be capable of boarding a plane without crashing it into the ocean."

Will's smile is not friendly, and it is certainly not polite. "Mr. Holmes. I see your better half didn't follow you along today." Hannibal steps in between them slightly, and Will clears his throat. "This is Dr. Hannibal Lecter, a dear friend."

"I always knew you admired my talents, but to go and collect your own doctor, well now you're just being obvious, Will," he says.

Hannibal shakes Sherlock's hand, not letting his building annoyance show on his face. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Holmes. I've heard good things."

Sherlock's smile is tight. "Well, they certainly weren't from Will then, were they?"

The convention is more or less a success. Will doesn't grind his teeth more than is strictly necessary, and Sherlock doesn't insult more than ten people by showing off his deductive reasoning. And when they begin to argue over whether a certain man visiting a stall about cannibalism is one himself, well, Hannibal tries not to get in between – just in case they look at him too closely in the process.

Surprisingly, Sherlock invites them to an Italian restaurant near his home, where he gets preferential treatment. And even more shocking is the fact that Hannibal agrees to go, despite being the best chef that Will knows.

"Are you sure? I know how careful you are about what you eat," says Will, his arms crossed and his back to Sherlock. It doesn't concern him, and frankly, Will doesn't want to spend dinner being polite when he can be himself with Hannibal elsewhere.

“Come now, will. We should trust Mr. Holmes. He seems to be more difficult than I am when it comes to culinary delights. Is that not right, Mr. Holmes?” Hannibal says it with a flourish at the end that Will feels like he can almost taste if he closes his eyes. The hotel seems more and more appealing.

“You can either follow or not,” he says, flagging down a taxi and flipping his collar up. “But I am on my way there as we speak.”

Will stops Sherlock before his taxi can leave, one hand keeping his door open. “Tell me the address. We’ll meet you there.”

They take a separate taxi; Hannibal tutting at Will when he attempts to swallow more aspirins. “You don’t want to overdose, dear Will. I can offer you an outlet if you like instead. Tell me when your rivalry with Sherlock began.”

“Where to start,” says Will, his knee bouncing already. He presses his open palm against his jeans, trying to settle down his nerves. Eating in a restaurant will mean socializing and eye contact, even if Hannibal deflects everything as nicely as he has been.

He takes a deep breath, and says, “Sherlock and I were working on a case together. There was a psychopath in England tormenting him for fun.” He sighs. “But it turned out to be someone who Sherlock had met a few times, and when I tried to convince him of that originally, he said that it was nonsense.”

Hannibal barely blinks, nodding for Will to continue.

“I was right, evidently. And the psychopath disappeared after a few bomb threats; he was impossible to catch because he never got too close to his crime scenes. He was three steps away, and four steps ahead of Sherlock.” Will rubs his forehead, leaning his head back against the taxi bench. “Sherlock found the psychopath entertaining, and he got away. I think he let him go free, so their game could continue.”

“Where is he now?” Hannibal asks, hands folded in his lap primly.

“He’s not far; I think he exchanges messages with Sherlock,” Will says, looking out of the window. “I told him if I ever found proof that he was going easy on Moriarty, I would arrest him myself. We haven’t been on good terms since.”

“Understandable,” says Hannibal.

“It’s his fault for not noticing something right under his nose,” Will mutters, his jaw jutting out defensively.

“Who is this?” says Will, already dreading the response. Sherlock glances over at his guest, but continues to read the menu instead of replying.

“Jim Moriarty. Hi,” says Moriarty, beaming. He stretches an arm out politely to shake Will’s hand. “Sherlock has told me about your exploits over in America. It all sounds very exciting indeed.”

Hannibal watches how Will’s throat works: a painful lump growing with each moment that Moriarty isn’t removed from his sight. It’s exhilarating. He wonders how Will would take the discovery that his good doctor is also a murderer.

Will continues to say nothing, nor does he take Moriarty’s hand. Hannibal begins to reach for it instead. “Don’t touch him,” says Will. “We’re leaving.” He presses a hand, almost protectively, to Hannibal’s back, trying to keep him a safe distance from Moriarty. It’s sweet, really.

Feeling generous, Hannibal lets himself be ushered outside, watching as Will grinds his teeth and murmurs very unbecoming things to Sherlock inside. He also sends Moriarty a withering look that makes Hannibal’s toes curl in his Armani shoes.

Their taxi ride is deathly silent this time, but pregnant with so many possibilities; almost as good as if Hannibal were to boil foetuses and hand-feed his beloved William for the rest of the evening.

When they arrive, Will is beyond enraged; a sour taste fills his mouth, covering his teeth in a film of milky white fury. He nearly kicks his hotel room door open, and barely restrains himself from slamming it once Hannibal slips inside to calm him down.

“What do you intend to do now?” asks Hannibal. “Sherlock was openly challenging you. Moriarty is probably still there, dining and chatting with him in a carefree fashion.”

Will balls up his fists, reeling back to slam it into the wall. But Hannibal is there wrapping his arms around Will from behind, keeping him from self-destructing. A full-bodied shudder glides down Will’s skin like a snake, making his muscles twitch and strain against it. He shivers when he feels Hannibal’s breath on the back of his neck. “Let me go,” he says, his voice subtle as a whistling wind.

Hannibal does as he’s told, but keeps one hand on the small of Will’s back. “Shall I do it for you? Then you won’t have to face the guilt of betraying your friend, and the right thing will be done.”

“He’s not my friend,” Will grinds out, pushing Hannibal’s hand off his back. He sits on the queen size bed, bouncing slightly as he drops his weight onto it. “He *was* my friend. We’re

colleagues now, if that."

Hannibal takes a seat next to Will, his knees angled toward Will. "Am I a friend?"

Will glances up, raising his brows. "Of course. Why would you—"

"Because I am no saint either, Will," he says calmly. "Would you forgive me or turn me in to Jack?"

Will blinks slowly, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. "Depends what you did," he says. "Do I want to know?"

"I don't think now is the right time," Hannibal says, leaning closer. "But what would become of our relationship? Am I tainted? Am I unworthy? Has our friendship suddenly become invalid?"

The shuddering breath Will lets out is filled with doubt and…something else. Eye contact, just for this moment, is crucial. Hannibal never reveals any of his emotions; he answers only when Will is on the brink of implosion. And here we are again: a desperate moment, a plea, a turning point in their relationship.

Within the dark, depths of Hannibal's gaze, Will can feel a flame, the shrieks of more than one person, the incalculable amount of power and control he craves – everything Will has fought and swallowed down because Hannibal is the only friend he can keep for himself. But closer, deeper, that one leap further Hannibal is letting him see, Will senses the unquenchable longing that has grown into an array of feelings and memories. All of them – words, sounds, thoughts, images – they are all in regards to Will.

Will suddenly feels like he's swaying towards Hannibal, drawn into his orbit of fascination and need. Hannibal cares for him, deeply. And nothing Will does or says can change that, because Will is aware of it now; he won't be able to stay away.

"Why didn't you tell me?" asks Will, his words chipping away like dry paint. His throat feels scraped and hoarse like he's been screaming internally for the past five minutes.

Hannibal purses his lips then places a hand on Will's knee. "You haven't had many intimate relationships, and I can be very patient when it comes to things I want."

"Yeah, well," Will starts, but climbs onto Hannibal's lap, pushing him back against the bed to ravage his mouth.

Lips crush and pull, fill and need and scream for more. Will takes, and rakes his hands down Hannibal's chest – through clothes, then underneath – squeezing and tugging at any flesh he can feel. Desperation is a state of mind Will has courted since the first day Hannibal looked at him.

A moan breaks Will out of his daze, and he opens his eyes to see Hannibal panting softly, his clothes an unfortunate mess. "Sorry," Will says, "I didn't mean to go this crazy."

“It’s all right, Will,” he replies. “Please proceed.” He offers Will the most indecent smile he can muster, knowing exactly what it’ll do to his dear friend.

“Oh, god,” Will moans, immediately trying to shred through Hannibal’s pants to get at his cock. “I have to taste you. I have to or I’m going to lose what’s left of my mind.”

Hannibal just lies on his back, lifting his hips when prompted, and straightens his hair in wait. “I am more than willing,” he says, his shirt rucked up his stomach, revealing red, angry lines. “You shouldn’t be afraid to take what you want.”

“Not afraid,” Will says, wrapping a hand around the base of Hannibal’s cock. It twitches greedily, alive and powerful just like the rest of Hannibal. “Not of this.”

His fingers grip firmly while he swallows Hannibal down; a beautiful symphony of hums and moans slip from Will’s throat, and Hannibal basks in its glory, arching up and sighing as Will devours him – body and soul.

It was meant to happen, Hannibal knew. He could feel that Will would be ravenous; a lion stalking back and forth in a self-imposed cage, waiting for the exact moment to pounce and tear flesh and carcass apart with ease.

Will's head bobs in Hannibal’s lap, fingers flexing on his thighs, squeezing and nurturing the building orgasm. Saliva drips down his lips when he pulls off, offering Hannibal as much eye contact as he’s ever wanted. Hannibal may be able to pull Will in like a depthless vacuum, but Will’s gaze is as piercing and overwhelming as the middle of a sea. They are tumultuous together but, no matter what, undeniably beautiful.

A moment of carelessness and Will’s teeth graze the head of Hannibal’s cock. It jolts his orgasm out of him like a thunderbolt; his release splashing warm and slick at the back of Will’s throat. When Will sits up, eyes lidded and lips swollen, he is not the man he was; he is better.

“Tell me what makes you guilty now,” Will says, sitting astride Hannibal’s lap, reaching to pull out his own erection. “I can take it.”

comments appreciated.

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